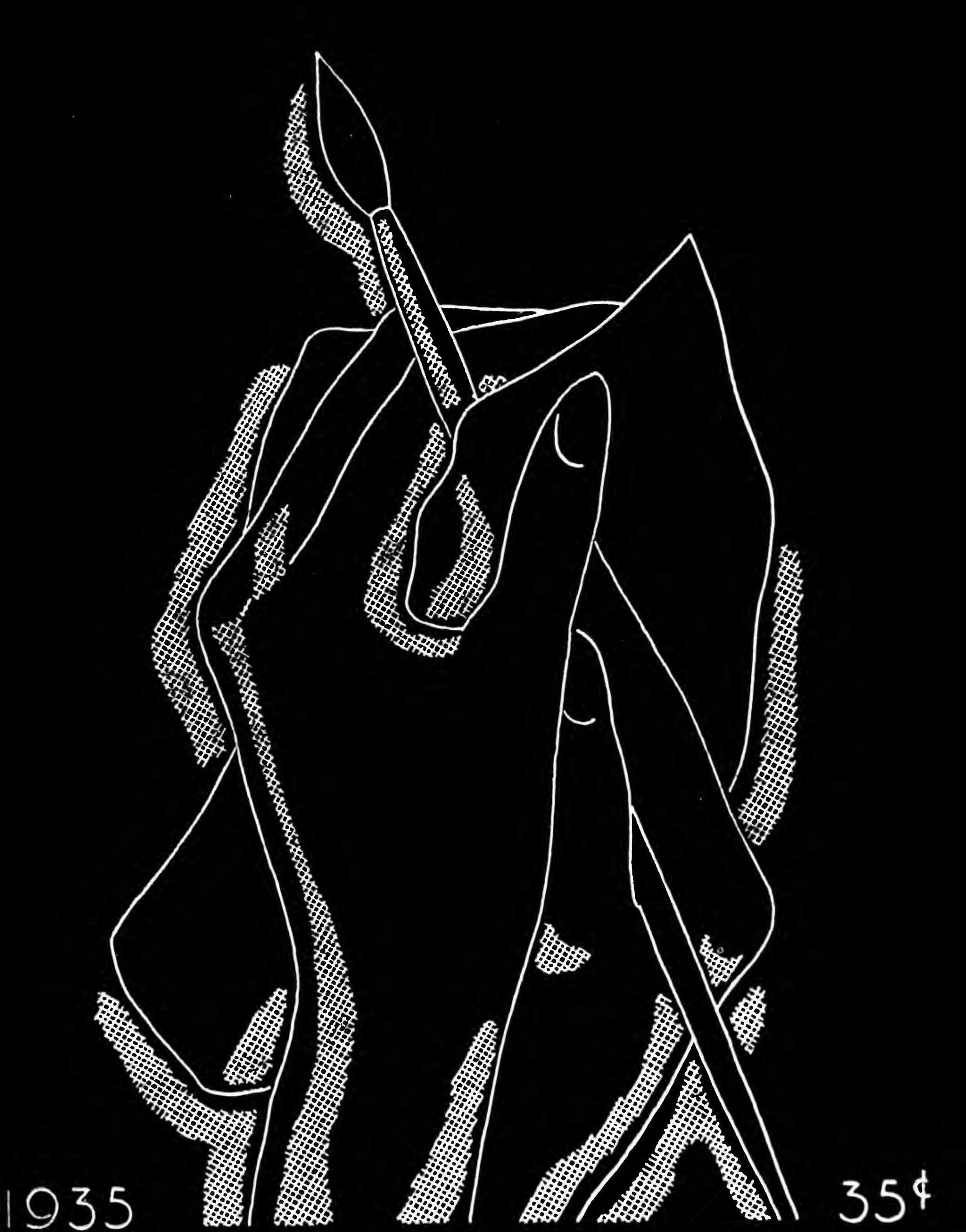

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TANGENT

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

SPRING approaches and also the moment to present the 1935 Tangent. An editorial is customary so we will turn our efforts in that direction. Accept our apologies, dear readers, for so victimizing you.

We feel that a new era has been entered in the Tangent's history. The Staff have been very kind in giving us valuable suggestions and owing to their co-operation we believe the Tangent is becoming more the magazine worthy of an Art School. Not purely a local affair but a production which may be worthy of notice by those outsiders who are interested in Art. This year for the first time colour cuts have been introduced and "here's to" many more years with many more colour cuts.

We wish to thank all those who contributed to the cause—since embarking upon this editorial, we realize it all takes time and effort. Last year's Editor seemed to despair for the 1937 Tangent owing to the lack of First Year support. This year we feel that First Year have done their part and we are sure they will continue to do so. Second Year, last year's First Year, are improving and by '37 they won't let us down. Thanks are due, also, to the form representatives through whose noble efforts our material was realized and collected.

May I also take this opportunity to thank Mr. Haines, the School Staff, Mr. Mounfield and the members of the office, the Advertisers, Jack Howard the Business Manager, Lloyd Scott the Sub-Editor, Miss P. McCarthy and Mr. A. Bridle for their contributions, and last, but not by any means least, Mr. Carmichael and Mr. Murphy whose sound advice has saved us many grey hairs and sleepless nights.

In your leisure moments as you glance at the pages which follow—don't be too hard on us,—if you just jog that memory of yours a wee bit you'll realize that you and your associates are responsible for what the Tangent is or is not.

Sincerely,

The Editor.

OUR HANDICAP IN PAINTING

By Augustus Bridle

OF ALL arts we in Canada know least about painting and sculpture. And all the pictorial and plastic art likely to be produced by students of the O.C.A. for the next century will not obliterate our background ignorance. We hear Bach, Beethoven and Brahms better sung and played than these masters ever heard themselves, because we have more wonderful organs, finer choruses, greater pianists, at least a few better string quartets, and more marvellous orchestras than "the three B's" ever heard. Nobody in the 18th and early 19th century ever heard the Mass in B Minor as the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto does it, the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven as Toscanini interprets it, or the great Brahms No. 1 as it is done even by our own T.S.O. Thanks to radio these great reproductions may be heard as well in a mining camp as in a millionaire's music room.

So with literature and plays, the best of which, from Chaucer and Shakespeare down to the latest French and German plays, we are able to hear in translation, by actors mainly better than those of Shakespeare's time. But in the great masters of painting, reproductions fail and we seldom see the originals which are under lock in famous galleries and the homes of the rich. We have had a few good Renaissance and Impressionist exhibitions here from Tintoretto to Degas, but none of them were up for more than a month, which for such "timeless" works is rather an irritation. Nobody pretends to judge the Fifth Symphony from one or two hearings; but in an exhibition of forty old masterpieces people often pretend to judge the whole Renascence period from only a few hours of looking at them.

This handicap in master painting robs us of artistic backgrounds which in music, literature and drama we have as lavishly as any of the great art centres in Europe. So, in painting criticism we are hopelessly in arrears. We fail to judge great pictures because we have so few to judge. We are even less familiar with great painting masterpieces than with the art of the dance.

From Pavlowa to the Sakharoffs and the Ballet Russe, we have seen here samples of practically all the splendid inventions of such

GRANGE PARK REGULARS Lino Cut *Marg. Simon*

men as Diaghlieff, Nijinsky, and Fokine. Only a few weeks ago in Toronto on the same day we had the marvellous Sakharoffs in their glorious mood-interpretations of classic form and modern intensive movement, and our own stupendous skating carnival with its magnified ballets and fantasias of costume-color in movements sometimes more fascinating than even those of the Sakharoffs, and in symphonies of color much more lavishly enchanting. Both these creations on two such different stages as Hart House Theatre and Maple Leaf Gardens were glorious studies for painters—which most painters had to miss. But the art of the painter was creative in the character costumes of the Sakharoffs, and in those of the Carnival it was a Toronto painter who did the designing.

So, in everything but great-master originals, Toronto is rapidly becoming a true centre of all the arts. As this is being written,

I am hearing, for instance, Brahms' great German Requiem by the Philharmonic Orchestra—one of the world's greatest—and the chorus of Schola Cantorum in Carnegie Hall conducted by the marvellous Toscanini. So far, the orchestra is a wonderful painting in tone, but because of the flattening, dejected sopranos, the chorus is much below Toronto's own productions of this masterpiece standardized for all nations and periods years ago by the Toronto conductor A. S. Vogt.

When our Art Gallery is able to found a permanent collection of master works comparable to the great things we hear in music and some plays, in literature and in the art of dancing—or to the wonderful Oriental costume and sculptural art at the Royal Ontario Museum, which leads the world for Chinese art—Toronto may aptly be called "the Vienna of America."

* * *

THE CLOD

A good man Jensic,
Strong and true—
N'er a man so strong.
A common sort— but satisfied—
And always working long and good,
'Til, well! out him go,
And wonders why—
Him never late
Him work hard, too.

An engine do his work—but why?
Him work good
Him no complain.
Work cheap too—
And now, some sort of thing
That moves and carries stuff—
And never stops—
But him do that too.
Why?—Him should get out.
Him do work good
Him carry much—
Him break thing—get back job.

P. Pringle.

"YOU'RE A SLOW OLD MAN"

"YOU'RE a slow old man," said the motorman sourly to the last passenger aboard, a quiet youth with a book under his arm. The young fellow looked up in surprise and scowled with a "who-are-you-to-say-what-you-think" expression on his face, then turned on his heel and marched down the aisle self-consciously, feeling that the other passengers were noticing his bad-temper; slumped heavily into his seat and sat chin on fist staring moodily at the road flying past.

The words, stuck in his mind, rubbed a sore spot there. For he was just emerging from a dreamy existence among books to a perception of the world of people and things and natural relationships, a world, with a strange immediateness not found in books. These explorations had an intimate flavour he had scarcely valued till the motorman destroyed it with a word. "Here young fellow," he had said in effect, "come back to earth, give up your silly nonsense." It was the same when as a child happy in day-dreams, he had been scolded for idling. He wanted to scurry back like a rabbit to his abstractions.

The car jolted along on its regular dance of start and stop, jerk, hurdle and swing, until at last it carried the young fellow far past his anger with the motorman and set him dreaming to its simple rhythm. The incident took on an unreal air. The young fellow smiled knowingly to himself as he walked slowly back to the exit door and wandered off into the country for a quiet read.

W. Jackson Walton.

STRUGGLE

They helped to clear the rugged path
By thought, sweat, blood, and death;
To ease our burden that we might
Follow them to the highest height.
Up with the tools lying aside,
Zestfully their endeavour to abide.
We fight with many trials anew,
Hardships such as they went through.
If we drop, as many aweary soul,
Others will strive for that final goal!

W. Anderson.

* * *

"A BEVERLEY STREET EPISODE"

The city sleeps,
'Tis dead of night,
The lane forsaken and alone—
When suddenly a piercing scream
Breaks through the misty gloom.
I turn and toss and blink a bit,
"A nightmare," says my sleepy brain,
But no, again the scream is heard.
A murder surely—up I jump
And stumbling through the darkness reach
The open window.
Below there is a frenzied group,
Gesticulations every where,
A voice in high shrill notes proclaims,
"Yah, yah, you stole my chicken, you!"
"Oi oi, ach no, ach no, not Oih,"
The chicken thief dejected whines,
The Law replies, "Come, come, my man."
And so for this at half-past two
My sleep was shaken.

Evadne Traill.

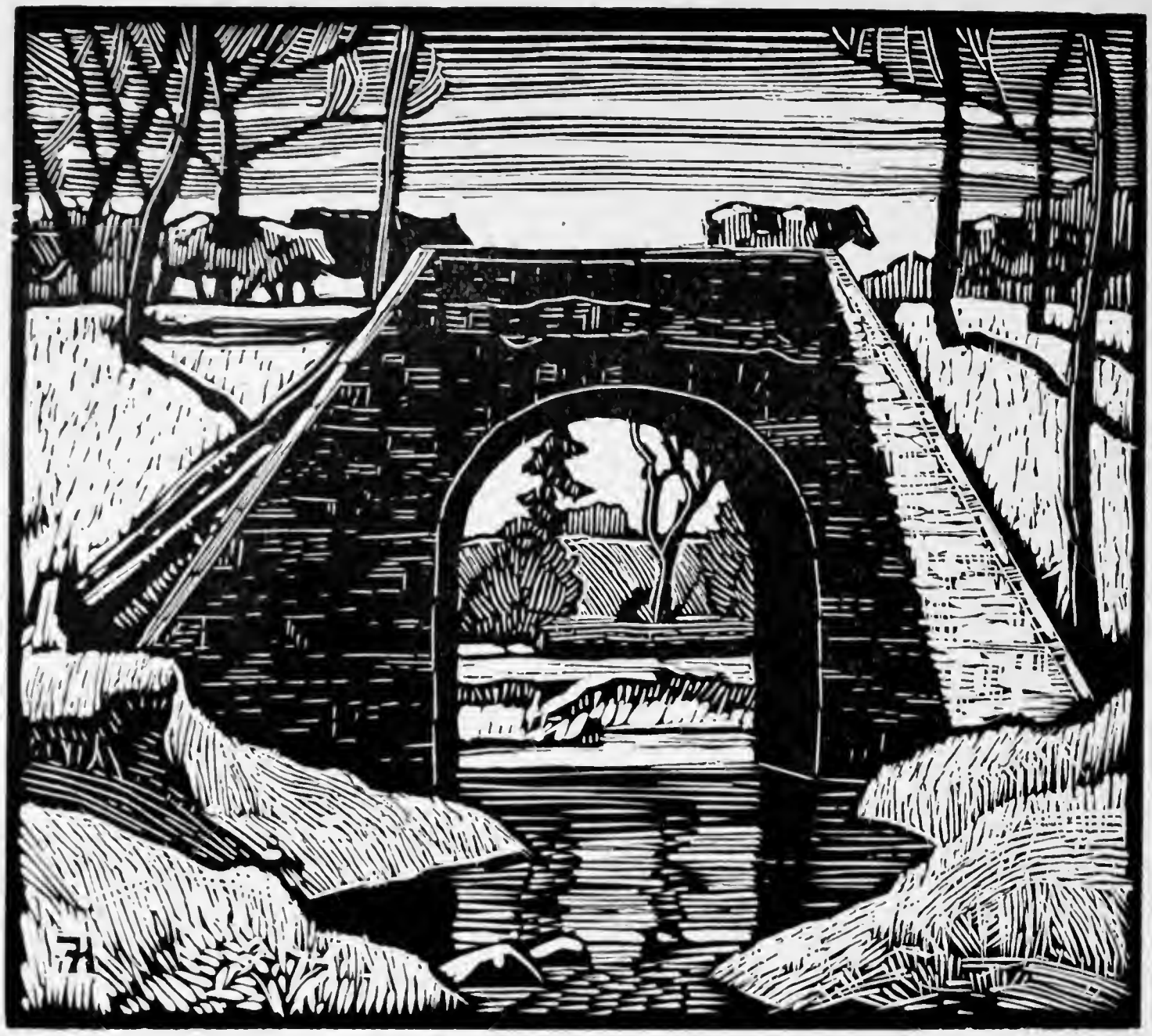
"JARGON IN ART"

A BOOK called "On the Art of Writing" by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, has a chapter on Jargon which, besides being most instructive and entertaining, makes one wonder about this thing he calls "jargon" in one's own work. If our work is to be an artist, then it might be worth our while to read this article and try to translate it into our own medium and see what jargon is in painting, and to examine our work, and the work of others, to see if they are guilty of a painter's jargon.

First let us go back to Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch to see how he detects and describes jargon in writing. He uses examples, rather than definitions, to show it up and warns us that we must not confuse jargon and journalese, which is a separate art of its own that creates its own forms of expression. The journalist at his worst is an artist in his way. "Like the Babu he is trying all the while to embellish our poor language, to make it more floriferous, poetical—like the Babu, for example, who, reporting his mother's death, wrote, 'regret to inform you that the hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket.' "

"There," exclaims Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, "is metaphore, ornament, and a sense of poetry. No such gusto animates the practitioners of jargon who are deuce, respectable people. It (jargon) looks precise but it is not, and is fast becoming the language of parliaments, boards of government, and law courts. Jargon is the disguising of a direct and simple statement under a mass of abstract words, perhaps decorative in a sense, which do not add to the original meaning but do the opposite, confuse it."

To show what he means, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch uses Hamlet's famous soliloquy, "To Be or Not To Be," and translates it into jargon. Shakespeare is clear, dignified, and unconfused, but the jargon is as though one dressed up Hamlet in a ridiculously pompous costume and made him into a character, often found in public life, who has perfected the art of talking without committing himself to anything. You gather as you read that economy of words with "concrete nouns and active verbs" is what gives writing clarity and merit.



York County Bridge Wood Engraving *Fred S. Haines*

If you think of this in terms of painting and drawing you see that economy of line and colour holds just as important a part in art. One line, just as one word or phrase, that is sensitive, expressive, and has meaning, is obviously worth ten lines which only confuse the meaning; just as three-dimensional form, that exists in space unconfused by unnecessary decoration and that is an honest statement of the artist's intention, has more force and life than that same object vaguely stated and lost in unnecessary detail and unordered composition.

The trend of modern art is a search for order unadorned with superficial or unnecessary detail which frequently is traditional but unrelated to our present day expression. In child art one finds this directness, which is most of it's charm. The child knows what he wants to say and puts it down unhampered by self-consciousness. He does not say—to quote again from our book— "He was conveyed

BRITT, ONTARIO Wood Engraving *Dorothea Sweezey*

to his place of residence in an intoxicated condition" when he simply means, "He was brought home drunk."

Order and simplicity are the opposites to jargon. A canvas that is complete within itself, where nothing can be changed without destroying the meaning, is comparable to some of the examples given by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and described as concrete expression, using active verbs and concrete nouns just as an artist would use active lines and forms and only colours that had meaning to the whole.

This does not mean that modern art is free from jargon, far from it, but in moving away from the romantic eloquence of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century to the more clearcut, almost brutually clearcut expression of today, there is a desire to

NEGRO SPIRITUALS Lino Cut *Ellen Simon*

find the fundamental, underlying order and balance in nature and to bring this unseen order into painting, rather than to copy nature as seen with the outward eye.

Sometimes one sees a blurred, formless drawing or painting so dressed up in the lavish finery of colour and luscious paint that it dazzles our fancy, but after living with it and studying it we begin

THE IMMIGRANTS Lino Cut *Mary Syrchenuk*

to realize that it really says nothing, but only shouts picturesque phrases at us which have no meaning or power to stir us. In fact this is jargon.

When using the word "meaningless" I do not intend to say that the painting has no meaning in a literary sense, but in the aesthetic sense, depending only on itself without the aid of another art for explanation or interest.

It is much easier to be complex than to be simple. Jargon is the enemy of simplicity, so learn to detect this cheap actor in paint and banish him quickly so as to leave room for the real actor, yourself, to speak his lines uninterrupted by this interloper called jargon.

Yvonne McKague.

THE BOGEY OF QUIRKS

By Pearl McCarthy

IT IS quite possible for some salient truth to become so generally accepted that nobody pays any keen attention to it. If one were to begin an essay on painting by saying that universality is an essential quality of any real art, the reader might promptly go off into a snooze, certain that he knew all about that idea long ago. But, I wonder. It does no harm to frisk an old notion now and again, dust it off and take a fresh look at it. Let us pin down this old truism—that art must be universal—by making one concrete statement that the artist must keep in touch with his public.

Too often that dictum is misinterpreted as "painting down" to the public, which it does not mean at all. It is a fallacy to imagine that the average, intelligent person cannot enjoy the message of form and must depend on anecdote or atmosphere. Nonsense. Provided he has not been spoiled by a smattering of connoisseurship or a quack knowledge of periods and "schools," your average man can respond even to what are sometimes called abstract qualities. This stand can be confidently defended, despite the fact that so admirable a critic as Craven may suggest the contrary.

Good modern art has easier approach to the uninitiated than has the sterile part of academic art, since it strips off non-essentials and stresses fundamental things. But, no matter what the style or the method, it is imperative that the emotion which the artist expresses be one which the normal human being can feel when he has learned to follow the artist's method of expressing himself, which I call the artist's "language of form." It must not be some exotic quirk that can only flower in peculiar, psychological heat.

G. K. Chesterton struck home when, in preface to a book of reproductions of Old Masters, he said that genius consisted in being greater and more finely aware than other men, *not* in being different; that the Old Masters would retain their power because, like Shakespeare, they seemed to be our brothers, and not as men apart.

I remember studying, hour after hour, a group of so-called important modern paintings in a foreign gallery. I tried every

kind of approach, both abstract and concrete, and even went to the expense of getting myself some enlivening refreshment. I was determined to feel something about those paintings, and I could not feel anything. Yet, so far as I knew, I had all the organs and glands that a human being is supposed to have to produce thoughts and feelings. As I have too much respect for artists to believe that even one of them could be a charlatan, I could only conclude that this painter was a different species, a creature apart and different from ordinary mortals. Now, you may tell me that those paintings "had something," or showed a "trend," but I contend that, for all practical purposes, they were a wash-out. A picture is a fizzle if it does not converse about some emotion common to mankind.

To get this universality, the artist must avoid thinking of himself as a thing apart. His motto should be "I am Everyman." With his brush, he should say "Amen" to the prayer which a Toronto preacher was once inspired to utter: "Lord, give us the imagination to put ourselves in the other man's shoes." He should know and appreciate the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker—yes, and the stockbroker. If he does not, he may become brilliant but he cannot be universal. He is apt just to become part of a trend. And may the Fates preserve us from the boredom of trying to converse with a Trend!

* * *

PORT HOPE REVERIE

These things did I recall,
When musing on
The pleasant memories
Of a time that's gone:—

The sunset glowing, up
In Archer's fields,
The sprawling on the lawn
Right after meals.

The wandering in the woods,
The efforts made
To catch on canvas
Sunshine and cool shade—

Discouragement and woe
Became our lot
When nothing but a rash
Was what we caught.

The pleasant evening walks,
The badminton,
The blisters on our feet
When day was done.

But more than all these things
The shout of "Damn!"
The time that our dear teacher missed
A little slam.

Grace S. Brymner.

* * *

NIGHTMARE

I have a problem
That's running through my brain;
I've worried and fussed
Till my mind isn't sane,
It's driving me silly,
I just haven't had
My beauty sleep at nights
And I'm fast going mad.
My problem's a weighty one
You will agree,
I've written to the papers,
I've asked my family.
Nobody can tell me;
I don't know where to turn
I'm simply in a quand'ry
For enlightenment I yearn
Whenever I see his picture
I simply have to shout,
Does King George sleep with his beard
Inside the covers or out?

Grace S. Brymner.

TEN JUDGES OF HELL,—but why ten, why not seven, eight or a thousand? You ponder and continue to wave a brush back and forth under ten pairs of disapproving eyes. They are in front of you, all around you, and your mind goes round and round; you gasp and splutter, clutch at an excuse to offer to one who looks at you through dark steel eyes, to others with black holes of eyes, accusing from their depths, eyes barely open, like slits of steel, penetrating deep, laughing eyes full of sarcasm, puzzling you, eyes looking at you from lowered brows admonishing you, half shut eyes seeing too much, heavy lidded eyes knowing all, eyes that have watched through the centuries close in around you asking why, and well might they question us.

In the Court of Hades, echoing to the calling, the begging, the crying in vain of many, the silent judges hold court, hands folded over ample forms, feet firmly planted, mighty in their wrath, seeming to tower so high, so far above. The grovelling horde glance askance at Chuan Lun, King of the Revolving Wheel, not daring to venture near his throne, in case they bring his anger upon themselves. Sing Ti, clasping his lock of ten thousand years, disdains the pleas and ignores the cries around him; for has he not looked upon such before, and could they not learn from their ancestors that to plead in Hades was of no avail? Calmly sit these judges upon their thrones, gazing down upon a crowd of foolish mortals, and we sigh and are thankful they reign only in their section of the Royal Ontario Museum,—for who knows?

Jean Webster.

DIANA Wood Engraving *S. Hahn*

DIANA

O palid huntress of the darkening sky
Where are the star-realms where you seek your prey?
What is the game at which your arrows fly
Across the heavens, at the close of day?

Your bow, strong bent, is pointed to the west,
Your meteor-arrows flash across the dark,
There, where the glittering coils of Serpens rest,
And the nine-headed Hydra, lies your mark.

So, fleet of foot, you lead the nightly chase
Until beyond the world you speed from sight,
While the two Hunting Dogs and Bootes race
To follow you across the shining night.

Sylvia Hahn.

* * *

PUN UPON PUN

WE, WHO speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake, in spite of Milton's faith and morals, still tread the path the bard of Avon pointed out: we still make puns. Given this melancholy truth, what shall we do about it? Moralize? (De more ah lies, de more, Ah likes it!) No, there is a happier solution.

Here it is in a nut-shell (we are tempted to pun but we shell nut). Punning must be elevated to an art. Who knows but what punning may become The Art of the 20th. century. Stranger things have happened.

As a matter of fact—and what fact could be madder?—punning *is* an Art. You are skeptical? Let us prove it. Take punning and painting. We daily hear that a hundred bad paintings are necessary to achieve one good painting. Since there are innumerable bad paintings it follows that there must exist excellent paintings. None will deny that there is an infinite number of punishable puns. Then who can resist the conclusion that there also exist good

pungent puns? Further, if painting is instinctive with some, is not punning equally instinctive with others; and who are we to say which is a healthy instinct and which is the product of a diseased mind? Is not your true punster as long-suffering a person as your true artist: does he not live in as critical an atmosphere, is he not daily misunderstood, reviled, and tempted to descend to forms of humour more adapted to the vulgar taste? Consider the pathetic case of the dyspeptic punster, whose dying words to his wife ran thus: "Tell my poor public, my love, that you saw me digesting!"

Ah, my friend, if you could but peer into the soul of an earnest punster! A word springs from the depths, he lets it slip. What would he not give to recall it? How short it falls of his ideals; how far away from the perfect pun of his dreams! His ear is far more exquisitely attuned to the niceties of punning than yours, yet you have the heartlessness to sneer at him; even to threaten him with physical violence.

The world is not worthy of its punsters. True art is unappreciated. It is a cold and barren age.

But do not be depressed, my friend; take a wandering pun to your heart and cherish it as you would a little flour. You knead it. Who knows but what in so doing you, too, may stumble across an answer to the burning question that haunts us all.

Is life worth living? It depends on the liver!

Selwyn Dewdney.

* * *

MOUSTACHES

The poor dear male must have defence
Against our ardour so intense
And nothing quite so well prevents
Our questionable blandishments
As setting up a cactus fence.

E.F.H.

REAL LIFE IS NOT STILL LIFE

Old jars and bottles
All cracked and dusty,
Unassuming kettles
Dented and rusty,
The shabbier and dirtier,
The more valued they'll be—
Alas, my friends, to think that such
Is not true of me!

Withered flowers and vegetables,
Spoiled and odoriferous,
Wine jars still scented with
The stench of dens nefarious,
All this has added to
Their popularity—
Alas, my friends to think that such
Is not true of me!

Shabbiness has vested them
With a charm mysterious,
That sends all still-lifers in—
To raptures delirious—
I look at the tatters on
My elbow and my knee,
And sigh, my friends, to think that such
Is not true of me!

Dora Snell.

* * *

There was a young artist named Bill
Who drew cows on top of a hill,
But when they did look
At the sketch in his book,
They fell on their backs and lay still.

THE ROAD

By Alan Collier

THE oppressive midsummer heat and the devastating drought had turned the Indiana and Illinois fields and brush to a monotonous sienna, a colour that gave no relief to the already heat-weary, wind-burned eyes. The Mississippi district was extremely drab and the river itself was a great disappointment to me. I had expected something majestic, but instead I found it to be dirty and narrow, sluggishly moving between its banks of sun-baked and sun-cracked mud. We crossed it at St. Louis with the mercury hovering in the vicinity of 110 degrees in the shade, and that night we slept in the welcome coolness of the Ozark Hills, so much like our own Northern Ontario. After passing beyond the Ozarks next morning, we seldom crossed a stream that was more than a muddy trickle lined with thirsty cottonwood trees.

The sun and resultant heat were at their height as we crossed the border between Kansas and Oklahoma, and, on seeing a creek in which a few children were paddling about, the desire to swim overcame us, and we were indeed sorry afterwards. If you can visualize bathing in lukewarm coffee you can imagine how we felt. I believe that it was the only swim I have ever experienced that left me feeling less clean and less cool.

As Paul drove on through the fields of withered corn, I dozed off, finding it practically impossible to keep my eyes open. When he remarked that we were about to pass through Will Rogers' home town I did manage to open one eye a mere crack in order to see a gigantic red water tank, plastered with white lettering reading,—"Claremore, Birth Place of Will Rogers", and a little farther on the local hotel proudly displaying its sign, "Hotel Will Rogers."

In Tulsa we stopped for a little much-needed exercise and to purchase some milk and lemons with which to quench our ever present thirst. As we pulled out we first had to chase numerous local yokels from their roost on our mud guards and running boards. It is in this district that the banks and high-toned business houses have lettered on their steps,—"Please Do Not Sit Here During Business Hours."

When we had driven our allotted distance for that day, the sun had already set, so we scurried around to find a sleeping place.

We had left the dusty soil behind and, for a bed, I can recommend the oil-bearing, red sand of Oklahoma. We slept in a ditch, shrubs on either side providing a certain amount of privacy.

The night was hot and dry, and if it had not been for my cream bottle full of lemonade I would have had great difficulty in sleeping. Frequent sips of it throughout the night kept my mouth and throat moist and the grains of sand on the neck of the bottle bothered me not at all. However, I did have a few qualms next morning when I discovered that I must have, unwittingly, swallowed many of them.

The next day being Sunday, we drove to Oklahoma City in time for early Mass, and while Paul performed his duties, I had the car serviced and oil changed. Soon we were on our way again, driving through the heat and watermelon stands.

It rained in Fort Worth, a blessed respite after four days of intense heat and it soon became so cool that I was forced to don a shirt. It was grand to let one's bare feet hang out the car window, shocking the open mouthed Texans who were, for the most part, barefooted themselves. Unfortunately the coolness was short lived, and when we arrived in Cisco, our stopping place for that night, it was every bit as hot and very, very sticky. The setting sun brought little, if any, relief.

Behind us lay the extensive oil fields of Oklahoma and Texas, and only the occasional ugly skeleton of the oil pumps stood up against the horizon.

While the ants had been annoying the night before, they were little pals in comparison with the Cisco mosquitoes, who, I am sure, must have been nursed on the blood of the ill-famed Cisco Kid and other bad men of the West. We were completely exhausted that night, not because of the distance driven but through lack of food, lack of proper exercise and the enervating heat. We had not eaten a real meal since leaving Detroit, living almost solely on graham wafers and milk. The marauding mosquitoes had ample opportunity to practise every variety of concerted offensive and defensive formations, some of which would put an army air patrol to shame. How they came to be in our room we could not tell as the window was securely nailed and not a breath of fresh air could reach our nostrils. We both admitted later that a good scream would have done us a world of good, but our

STREET CHARACTER Lino Cut *G. Zwior*

inherent dignity prevented it. I have often wondered, since, how we ever did find sleep.

We were afraid to sleep on the ground in that wild country because of the wandering rattlers slithering about in search of food, forced to work at night when the rocks and sand had slightly cooled. As evening fell next day we thanked our lucky stars when we came upon an empty box car lying on a siding on a mountain mesa several miles from Sierra Blanca. A box car is not the quintessence of comfort, but one cannot be too particular when one's pocket book is becoming thin and there are still many

A Northern Lake Lino Cut *Douglas Grieve*

miles to cover and many more gallons of gasoline to be purchased. How the passers-by must have stared at the sight of an expensive make of car drawn up beside an abandoned freight car, little realizing that the drivers were but a couple of bums, and that the car belonged to an automobile agency.

I suppose that, being an artist and writing this for an artist's magazine, I should write marvellous descriptive passages about the desert and mountain landscape of West Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. However, any words I might use would be insufficient, laboured and unworthy of that country. I can just say, in conclusion, of all the localities I have visited during the past year that is the one to which I would immediately return, financial conditions permitting, and it is my fond hope that next summer, as I bum my way home, I will be able to travel through there again, sketching as I go. If you want to see an artist's paradise, go and see it for yourself.

"BACK TO DOCKS AGAIN"

(We hope Mr. Kipling doesn't mind)

ADVENTURING into the past, we may say that the time is thirty years ago; the place, Church Street Docks; and the girls are some of the Lake Schooners to be found there.

Since last night there has been a fresh east wind—sure to bring something up the Lake—with beautifully streaked and spotted cirrus clouds. A good day for the docks, if one can't be farther afloat. Using our big geography as a screen, since homework has been awarded by Miss W—, we have safely placed "the pen of our uncle" in the inkwell, and discovered how many thousand rolls of paper are needed to cover the walls of a room 10x12x8, so that, leading the rush at 3.30, we are soon on the Trusty Cleveland and pedalling southward. As there are no one way streets, stop lights, traffic cops, and very few "horseless carriages", and "care, courtesy and common sense" belong to the present dangerous age, we are soon passing St. James Cathedral. At the foot of the street, the lighter blue and green and white of the Bay, the Island shore, and behind it, Lake Ontario, with flecks of white, are clearly visible; when all are suddenly blotted out by three tall spars, carrying slatting and banging canvas above a long, low, black hull. Something has come up the lake: from her size, colour, splendidly proportioned rig, two yards on her foremast, and windfinders on main and mizzen mastheads, we know to be the Schooner STUART H. DUNN of Kingston with coal for the Conger Coal Co. We are too far away to hear the music of slatting canvas and reef points, and of hemp halliards running through wooden blocks (never called pulleys, if you value your life!). To those with ears to hear, there is no sound on earth or water quite like this—still potent in "the fire of spring", though in these mechanical days becoming more and more rare, as the modern Six Metre yachts on which we have sailed playing T.T.C. motorman with winch handles, are fitted with noiseless roller-bearing bronze blocks, have thin flexible wire halliards (hell on the hands!), no reef points on mainsails, and need only JANE BLOOR or QUEEN McCAUL on their sterns to be well out of this picture. (Apologies, "MIST" and "APHRODITE", but you know the rosy glow of the good old days).

We are lucky in not being held up by half a mile of freight train—only a shunting engine or two to dodge between—and then the rush past the Standard Fuel Office, with a wave of the hand to the bookkeepers imprisoned there, and we are at the end of the dock on the west side of Church Street slip. Looking eastward there is the STUART H. DUNN making fast alongside the Conger Coal Co.'s docks, while ahead of her is the SIR C. T. VAN STRAUBENZIE of St. Catherines, which has arrived a day or two previously, and which is standing high enough out of water for all her black topsides and some of her red boot top to be on view. This would seem to be a fitting place to mention that even though a vessel may have the most masculine of names, "he" is always called "she", as it takes a man to handle one; though some "he" girls do it very well too! As for the poor souls who call a vessel "it", we have it on good authority that St. Paul—a seasoned Mediterranean cruiser, who knew how dirty the weather can be there—has promised to aid St. Peter in keelhauling those who indulge in this insulting term.

Beside us to the south, there is the three masted Schooner ST. LOUIS of St. Catherines, also unloading coal. She is painted green and white, with a warm tint in the white where the rust from her iron fastenings has given the paint a rich and mellow colour.

The STUART H. DUNN, however, the largest three master we remember, is a vessel which has always filled our eye from her size, her beautiful big spars, sweeping sheerline, and the fact that she was the last three-masted lake schooner with a square topsail trading on Lake Ontario. To set this topsail, she has two yards on her foremast; above the upper one was often hoisted a triangular piece of canvas called a raffee—hoisted in two pieces. She carries as well, of course, three jibs and a fore staysail, foresail, fore gaff topsail, mainsail and main gaff topsail, and mizzen and mizzen topsail. She has plenty of canvas to move her in moderate breezes, and while larger than the famous BLUENOSE, she has, according to our great marine authority, Mr. C. H. J. Snider, (whose drawings and the "reading" to go with them we have admired for many years, and who has sailed many times on both vessels), beaten the speed of the BLUENOSE, having made over fourteen knots in smooth water. While the two were

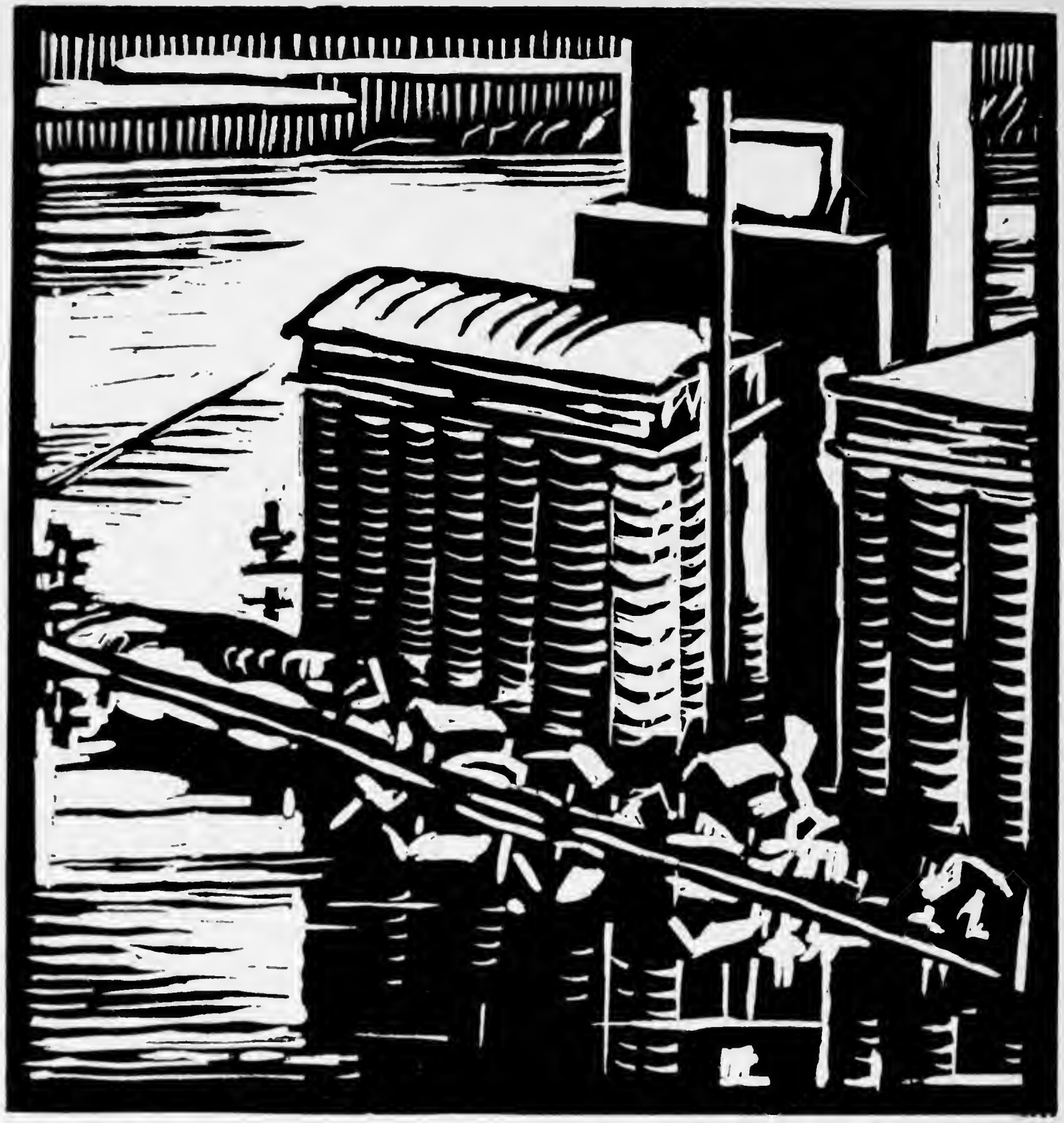
built for very different purposes, salt water vessels are not alone when speed is considered.

The DUNN was built for the square timber trade, so that she has timber ports showing through her black topsides and grey boot top, at bow and stern just above her light water line, and in her transom aft, so that square timber may also be loaded on deck. Her stern, which is toward us, is decorated with an interesting colour scheme, of white rail with black rail cap: then, a black border enclosing the transom, of which the larger part is a salmon colour with a black band below it at her deck line, on which was her name and port of registry in white, while below that down to her planking she was painted blue. The Masonic square and compasses appeared above her name. Her rudder was the grey of her bottom. Her masts, which could be seen towering above her stern, were orange in sunlight, with white doublings at the cross-trees. Booms and gaffs were painted dark red with white ends; but what could be seen of her canvas, was, as she was carrying coal for the needs of the city of Toronto, no longer white, but the dark grey of coal dust, except in the case of a new sail.

Already the DUNN'S stowed foresail with its boom and gaff have been swung out to starboard (right hand side looking forward), her fore hatch cover removed, and the first bucket of coal is being hoisted up with much puffing by the engine of the coal elevator, to be dumped with a roar and cloud of dust ashore.

There is so much to paint of great beauty of form and colour, not to mention the making of drawings of rigging and gear and all the interesting things about vessels and docks, crews and longshoremen, that after unearthing a quart milk bottle we keep hidden on the dock and lowering it into the Bay for some not too clean water (gives quality to the result?), we are soon hard at it. Then we must make a sketch of part of the fleet of smaller two-masted schooners, most of them "stonehookers", lying at anchor from Church Street slip to Polson's Shipyard, which at this time seemed the most interesting part of the Bay. There were many of these handy little two-masted schooners at this time whose cargoes were mainly building stone, sand, and gravel, the best one of the lot being the MAPLE LEAF (on which Mr. Beatty used to sail.)

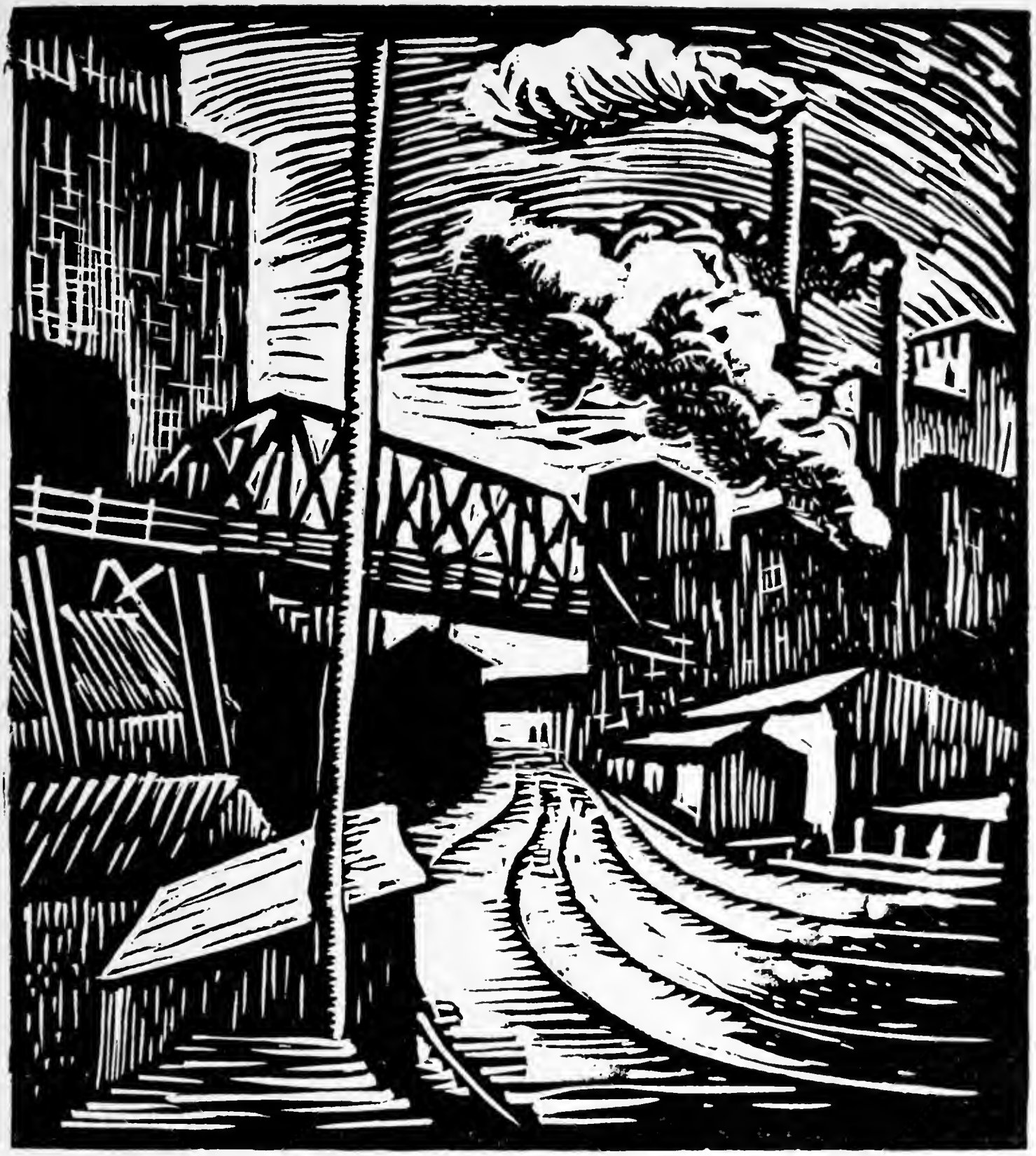
Hell's bells! It's six o'clock! But we are wrong, as they are



GRAIN ELEVATORS, PORT ARTHUR Lino Cut *Susan Ruttan*

far sweeter being those of St. James Cathedral. Now for the real work of the day after the pleasure of sketching—to be home not too late again with a nicely calculated explanation of our activities from 3.30 to 6.30. This last was a necessity for our mother's peace of mind, whom we now know, after having seen blood flow and bodies recovered in many fresh and salt water ports, had reason to fear for our safety.

And if, dear reader, you should by some foolish chance endeavour to find the x which marks the spot of this sentimental journey, you will not do so, as it is now all dry land; filled in by



INDUSTRIAL Lino Cut *Gordon Couling*

the decision of our Harbour Commissioners in their endeavour to frame an excellent natural harbour with concrete.

Except among those sufficiently old fashioned to be interested in the fine art of yacht racing (and be assured that there are R.C.A.'s and O.S.A.'s in plenty afloat as well as ashore), even the language of sail, in these days of steam and motor ships, has almost disappeared. How can the term "topping lift" mean anything but a ride home in the big blue battle cruiser of our versatile Mr. Mounfield?

Rowley Murphy.

HORSES OF THE WIND

Hear ye the distant crying
Across the raging bay?
The storm wind hails his horses
To speed him on his way.
Their snowy manes are flying,
They rear their curving crest
And ever on they thunder
From the sunset, from the west.
Amid the storm-tossed bubbles
Of the water's changing form
They race at his commanding—
The horses of the storm.

What hand can curb their freedom?
What knees shall grip their sides?
These plunging, mad, white horses
None but the wind can ride.
The singing mermaids race them
Amid the moonlit spray
And the grey gulls stoop above them
And follow them by day.
Faster they fly, and faster,
Amid the foam and hail—
The children of the wave-wastes,
The horses of the gale.

Sylvia Hahn.

* * *

COMPLAINT

You—you froze my heart and robbed me
Of those warm simple joys:
Of those fond cheers of former years,
Those generous employs.

You closed mine eyes and blinded me
To beauties and to graces:
Blinded me to the world of Love,
Gave hatred to its faces.

You stopp'd mine ears and hushed for me
The lilt of songs and laughter:
The music that from nature swells
Was naught to me then-after.

Thus when You, with silent scorn,
My cup impassioned spurned
And brushed aside my love forlorn,
My life—'gainst Life you turned.

John A. Hall.

* * *

SPRING

You've come again,
Welcomed as before,
Heralding all beauty
For us to explore.

You start brooklets
Rippling their way,
To sing in unison
With water's free play.

Trees you clothe
In delightful colour,
Birds sing symphonies
With more ardour.

Fields you blanket
In greens and browns,
And to the mountains
You give purple crowns.

Our pulse you quicken,
Our heart-beats you race,
So we might travel
On your tour of grace.

W. Anderson.

VISIT TO AN EDITOR

Up the dusty stairs I climb
  To the very top,
But I've sadly missed my time—
  The door says, "Enter Not!"

A cumbersome and heavy tread
  Was soon heard on the stairs,
And then appeared a face all red
  'Bove shoulders dark with cares.

He raised his hat and smiled at me,
  And gave a hearty nod;
He judged me among his friends to be,
  And calmly on he trod.

The door shut fast,
Chance seemed past,
  Till suddenly his majesty
  Came out to talk with me.
He told me that the work was fine,
And to come back another time
  And bring some more with me.

Yvonne Carr

DE PECTORALE

(*Being tolerably accurate notes from a very instructive lecture.*)

I WANT to trace the development of the chest through the first three hundred years. In England, it resembled the façade of a Gothic cathedral; in Italy, it was adorned with fruit and flowers.

Every well-to-do Italian had at least fifteen chests. They were large and square and were slept on at night. They served for all purposes, being used to store clothes and tableware. Some people gilded them.

In 1550 the human figure was introduced in England. This was about the reign of Henry VIII. Melon-bulb legs were an English characteristic; bun feet, feet resembling lions' claws, solid backs, sloping arms and solid seats.

Some seats were supported by spindles, and some by folding legs. Seats were made of velvet, leather and wood, and nailed or glued on.

Elizabeth Fraser Holland.

* * *

"WHY?"

"Oh turn away those scorning eyes
Searing the anguished soul that dies.
Stay!—Show not so your deep despise
For the crawling Worm
In Much beyond surmise.

"Some mystic monitor shows Your way,
Some Genius tends you lest You stray
Into the slough where I'm bid stay.
So bide awhile and
List' to what I say.

"Ever golden and naught of Night,
There's little dark in your land of light
Where some supernal Glow diverts your sight
From Life's Ill-Fated
In other plight.

"Abysmal Glooms of deepest shade
Did ever in my life pervade.
Fate-demolished All essayed
While—all the while
For Life I prayed.

"This Filth that's ever burthened me—
Has stultified and earthened me:
This with'ring blight of Destiny—
Why this? for What
My Penury?

"Why should I be-nighted stand
'Neath other's tow'rs on every hand
When all my Works, like mounds of sand,
Slow-built,—then quick
By draughts disband?

"Why should I, with soul rack'd sore,
Unanswered be, whiles I implore
The Gods to lax and ope' the Door?
Why—Must I cry
Out for evermore?

"Day's fast waning and I'm aweary
With no ascent from chasms dreary;
Where depth's about me dark and feary
With thrills of chills
As Death stalks near me.

"What have I done to merit pain,
So all-smeared with Acon's stain?
Will after-death be this—again?
For some release
I hope would fain.

"Relentless Fortune holds the Strings
Whence this cursed puppet swings.
In sombre garb, by futile flings,
The part he plays
Fate's Question brings."

John A. Hall.

THOSE THAT CAN, DO

By Selwyn Dewdney

A GOODLY proportion of those who attend the Ontario College of Art will find themselves, willy-nilly, in the teaching profession, before many years have passed. Have they any idea of what is in store for them? Let one who has been broken in tell the story, in so far as it concerns teaching Art in our secondary schools.

This is hardly the place to discuss methods; but it is most emphatically the place to discuss attitudes: for the teacher, above all the artist who teaches, is soon deeply concerned with problems of attitude.

In Art, more than in any other subject, the best work is done when there is least tension between students and teacher. The artist, accordingly, who begins teaching adolescents (the problem differs greatly with older pupils) regards himself as an older student helping younger students. Before six weeks are gone he realizes his mistake. To teach, *and* to retain the milk of human kindness, are for the young teacher an impossibility. Stand before a group of thirty or forty youngsters and try it yourself. Discipline, that we so lightly valued as students, is suddenly discovered to be essential to successful teaching. It cannot be maintained without creating a sense of distance between teacher and pupil.

"*I* am the Teacher: *you* are merely pupils!" It is an artificial situation requiring an artifice to meet it, an artifice that all too readily breaks down the character of the teacher who adopts it. Teaching is a mould, and the human stuff is of unusual quality that will not conform to the restrictions of that mould.

As an immediate outcome of this situation there develops that over-weening self-assurance which is a hall-mark of the more shallow type of teacher. Once you discover yourself in this state you may consider yourself lost. You may be an Aristotle in learning, but you are lost as a student, and therefore as an artist. The growth of this attitude is all the more dangerous for the quietness of its approach. In the classroom, often in the school, even beyond

the school, we are the supreme authority on Art; and before we are aware of it we are saying:

"I am Sir Oracle,—
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"

Frequent contact with fellow artists would be an effective aperient; but all too frequently that contact is postponed until the teacher finds himself superior to it.

But the real ordeal, of which the above attitude is often a mere surface reflection, is the most depressing to witness, because it is the ordeal of the thoroughly conscientious and sincere teacher. Honestly facing his shortcomings as an artist and educator, he sooner or later happens upon the statement:

"Those that can, do: those that cannot, teach!" He feels his separation from the "practical" world; he sees his friends getting tangible results for their efforts; while he plods along sowing seeds whose fruit he seldom witnesses. He gives his best to his job, and finds himself "dry" when he turns to creative work. So, ever more yearningly, and more shrinkingly, he gazes out on the world where "those that can, do."

Cherish no illusions. Far from being a sinecure, teaching will test the stuff of which your soul is made. Yet the dangers are not without their reward. Here and there among the restless mob of adolescents is a lad with burning eyes and an itching pencil. To him, you are an artist; to you, he like yourself is on the road to that goal none of us will ever reach. Here is a brother in a land of strangers: one who sees and feels with you the world of forms and colours. Here in the modern school, with its straining after efficiency, its rush and its tension, you find another with the sensitive enquiring eye, who looks to you for light.

* * *

LE PETIT CHIEN BLANC

Mon pauvre petit chien,
Vous n'aimez pas l'ecole n'est-ce pas?
Ou est-ce que vous aimez plus
La fille qui vous ici emporte
Que vous aimez les feus, les chaises
Que toutes les salles peuvent donnent.

P. Pringle.

BEHOLD! In a dream I saw earth and heaven groping convulsively for each other, with groanings and flashes of blinding light. And as I looked, two men rose from a hollow of rock. One was tall and slender as the poplar tree; the other, thick-set and brown as the earth, his coarse grape-red hair hanging heavily to his shoulders. The tall one spoke, and his voice was silvery as the ripples on a lake at eventide. "This strife is not in vain. These restless elements will yet attain what you call the unattainable." And the other, squatting upon the earth, answered: "It cannot be." When suddenly a band of jewelled light flashed from a patch of blue beyond the clouds, and fell in shimmering array to the brown soil below, and lo! the two figures were no longer there, but in their place, a huge brown stone lay silhouetted against a clear sky from which shone the silvery light of the evening star.

Freda Johnston.

THE DEAD TREE — Wood Engraving — *F. Douglas Moore*

EPISTLE TO LUCIA

By John A. Hall

(*A posthumously written letter from one Giacomo to his beloved, and found in the latter's jewel casket shortly after her death.*)

CARISSIMA LUCIA:

Death—we feared Death did we not? We wondered what horrors He held; hoped—prayed that He might be late: and then, as He must inevitably come, to take us both together. But He heeded us not: and swiftly, silently appeared and bid me follow Him. We were parted—Lucia—but not for long.

There is little to fear, nay—much to anticipate. Men dread Death, when they know him not. But I know and do not fear him!

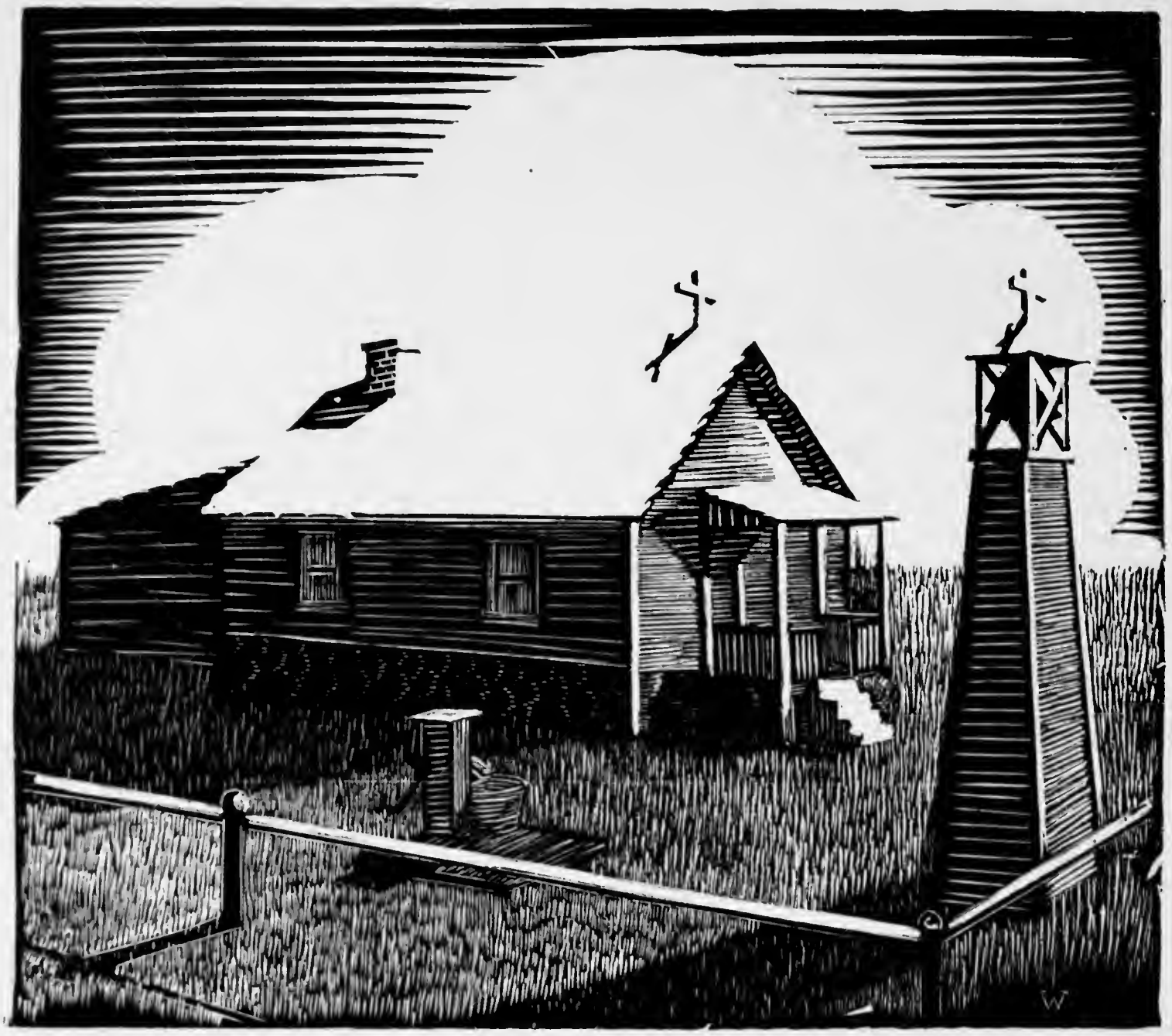
I well remember that day—that fatal day when you, distraught, knelt by my bed and bathed my hand with your tears. I wept too, so bitterly that I nearly forgot my pain. My pain that, with one agonising convulsion, welled up and then quickly subsided. Then I knew that the end was approaching. My legs began to lose their senses, became stiff and soon were felt no more; and my hand—that hand on which you wept—no longer felt the caress of your tears, no longer felt the warmth of your breath.

Then you kissed me Lucia, you kissed me upon my lips: and with that kiss you took my parting breath.

I felt no more!

But my other senses, my sight and my hearing, which had for some time been torpid, became completely dormant for a moment and then metamorphosed, became vividly acute, preternaturally sensitive. They were released! Released—I say—as no other word could describe that brilliant change. Words can not express the marvel that took place during those few moments. Imagine what I mean when I vaguely explain that my former senses were unified into a new and greater sense—that of Understanding. I knew!

I beg your forgiveness when I admit that my thoughts were diverted from the one obsession that had animated me before my death: that I ceased for awhile to think of you. I had forgotten



CHURCH, PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE Wood Engraving *E. Wilder*

the world and, in subjective contemplation, revelled for the moment in my new state. I was as a small boy deliciously disporting himself in the cool waters of some mountain stream; as inspired as a philosopher to whom is revealed a great new truth. Nay—my ecstacy was trice a thousand fold more sublime: it transcended any exultation known on Earth. And in all this I reflected upon a truth new to me—but so obvious and so simple that it seems trite to mention that: as the organs of the ear are merely instruments of the auditory senses, so these last are vastly subordinate, and pay homage to the one great Thing—understanding or knowledge.

And that these and other senses are insignificant as they are usually experienced on Earth without the other faculty of Complete Understanding. So it was with all the senses,—pardon me, they

MESKANAW, SASKATCHEWAN Wood Engraving *E. Traill*

had, by now, lost their identity as sense and become rapturous revelations of understanding. And in this I delighted myself.

I sensed the fragrant meaning of your hair and breath; saw thence—to unrevealed beauties and character in your angelic face and form divine; heard and understood the sad music of your weeping. And beyond all this I felt and understood the needlessly tragic pains that tortured your mind. Needlessly—I say—as I fear that as you mourned for me at that time, you wept for the most enraptured of spirits.

Only mortals, who are more dead than those they call dead, are unhappy in spirit because they lack knowledge. You wept because you could not understand but now—now that I am speaking, and

for all time—know you this, that there is no need to mourn but great cause for joy; and that we will soon be united in spirit.

Then, as I cast aside my body, so was I freed from the limitations of Time and Place. There became no past nor future, all was one and that was whole; all was Present, and my spirit was as if it had ever been: while my life was only an interval to be reviewed at will or else forgot.

So it was with Place, in this empyrean abstraction, substance and locale were naught; both were mental images and their realization was real, more real than what mortals call actuality. And I could be where ever I wished.

I followed the funeral procession and walked with you. Walked by you and understood. And when we reached the tomb and you, prostrate against that cold stone box, lay weeping and thought of me—as you deemed me—a stilly corpse, left from your side forever: I pitied you. I was not beneath the lid; I was in you, about you, everywhere. It was I who comforted you and diverted you from your sad intent: who caused you with horror to cast the dagger from you; knowing that there was yet more for you upon the earth before at last you come to me.

There is one thing more I might explain about this new state, and that is the only possible sin. A sin is any act which makes another unhappy. The cause of the only remaining sin is Vanity. Vanity arising from the realization of Perfection and power in the communion of spirits. And, from this, the greatest temptation is to deny comfort to those who bemourn us. In understanding the triviality of mortal thought the spirits, by irritating it, gain vain pleasure. But fear not, I am with you—and will be with you always—and am alleviating the cruel pain of your natural lack of understanding upon the dark Earth.

I have no more to say in this manner before your coming death except to stress that you must not be frightened, and must realize that we are together and wait only for complete spiritual unity, true consummation of love; and to remind you that you have writ all this by your own hand!

Amante,

Go.

A Sculptor's life's
No bed of roses

If he doesn't starve to death
He dies of silicosis.

F. K. Fog.

THE SLUMS Lino Cut *Ruth Middleboro'*

On Saturday, April 27th, 1935, a meeting of the Graduates of 1933 and 1934, and the present Graduating Class, was held at the Diet Kitchen, the outcome of which was the formation of THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ART.

The organization to operate under the Honorary President, Mr. Fred S. Haines, Honorary Vice-President, Col. F. H. Marani.

For information concerning this organization, communicate with the Executive, which is:

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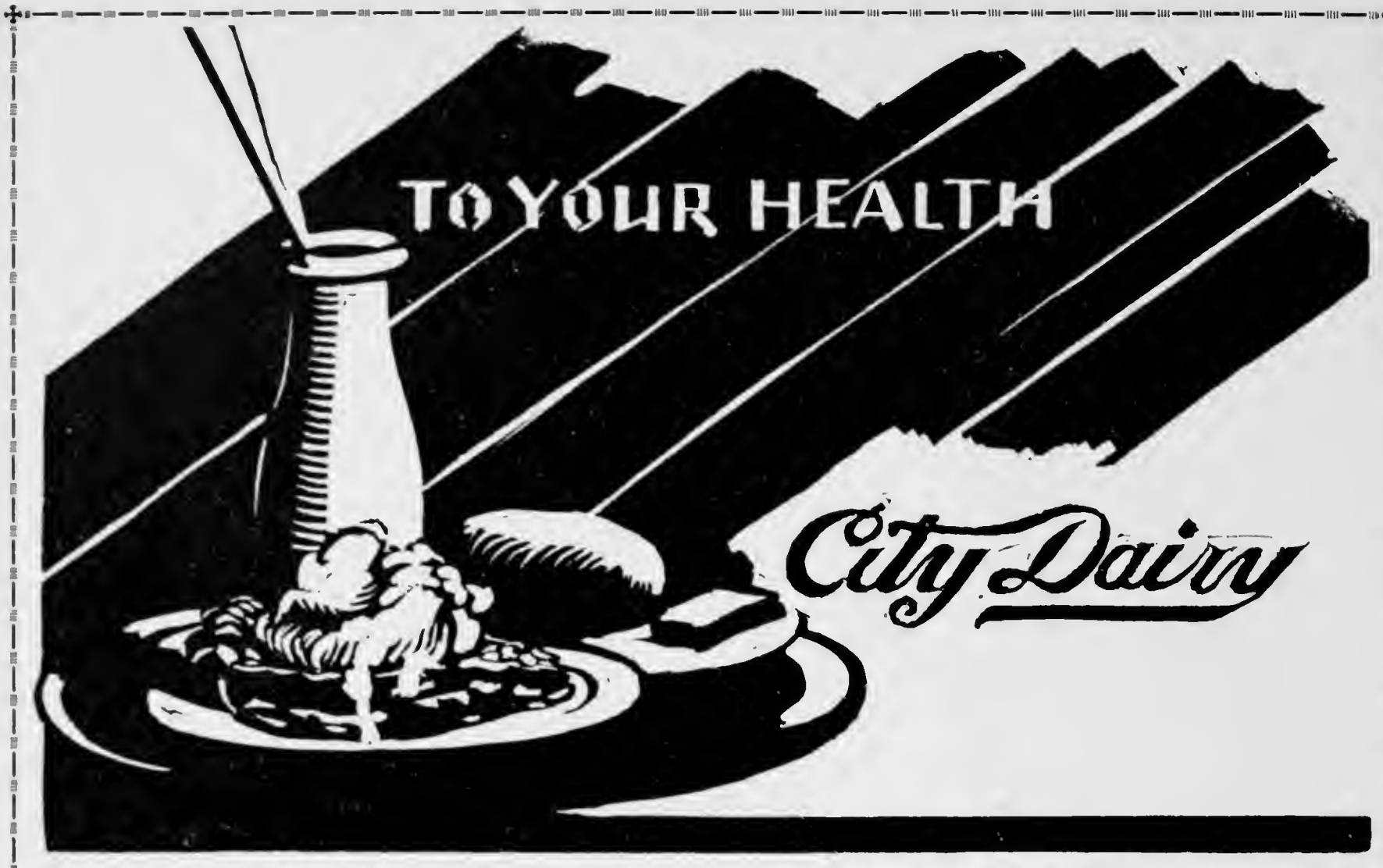

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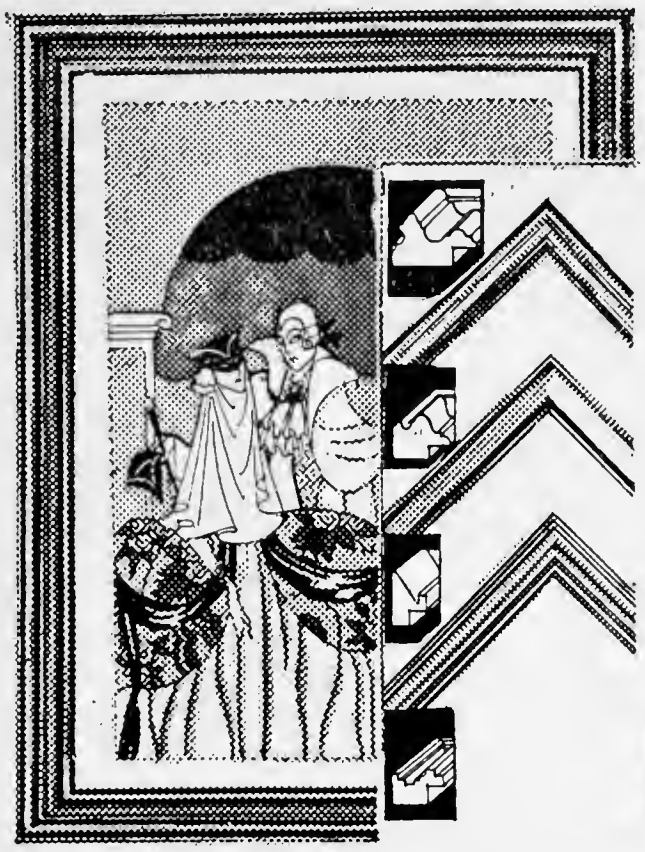

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